

Farmer And The Lord

Jimmy Dean

While resting the other evening by the side of the road
I saw an old farmer in the field that he just hold
His face was all brown and wrinkled by the sun and the wind
And he was talking to the Lord just like he'd be talking to a friend

Well, he said with his voice calm and quiet
Them corn tassels need sucking, I got no strength to tie it
Had no rain in so long that the fields are mighty dusty
And it's been so unbearable hot that the kids were even gettin' fussy

Now that grass down and the pasture it should be knee high if we
Could just have a little shower Lord it might keep the calf from going dry
Oh, but listen to me talking, you'd think I wasn't grateful, why if you
Didn't know me so well Lord you'd think I was down right hateful

You'd think I forgot about that new calf that you sent
And the money in the mail that took care of the rent
Mama's cough's better and Johnny's home from the navy
And that good Sunday dinner of hot chicken and dumplings and gravy

And that new preacher you sent us, Lord he's sure a fine young man
Why he's just convertin' them sinners to beat the man
Well, I guess, I'll mosey on home now, Lord, I won't take no more your time
I guess, there's plenty folks here about waitin' to ring your line

Evening to you, Lord, and watch us over tonight
Don't you worry about us now, Lord, 'cause everything is gonna be all right